

VOLUME 45  
ISSUE 2

THE HORROR ...

THE HORROR

THE  
FAKE PLASTIC  
SANTAS  
ARE COMING  
...!



THE  
OMEN

## Staff Box:

B C - Evan Silberman

Grace W - The Vita and Virginia letters

Isaiah M - Improvising

Shelley R - How To Not

Chloe O - Yaoi?

Shannon K - "When it's not enough"

Tatyana R - "Sex toys"

Ezra H - Homo-eroticism in religious fiction

Justice E - "How everything is actually really queer,  
or: being in denial of cishet monogamy"

Bryan P - "breeding within a fandom"



Front Cover: Shannon Kennedy

Back Cover: B Corfman

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to [omen@hampshire.edu](mailto:omen@hampshire.edu), or B's mailbox (1666)

## Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.



# EDITORIAL

## Beatrice Evelyn Corfman

Greetings, dear Omenites.

The fun thing about whether or not this beautiful friendship, community building, even. Do something else, but, you know.

Have a wonderful semester, because people are ableist as shit. You know what? I feel like it's incredibly pleased with how the Omen Election. I'm honored to be a little bit about trans and LGB people. But this isn't that. This is straight up ableist as shit. You know what anyone from the CLA office, dying on the end, isn't that even the most quiet and fill this space. Does anyone read the inside margins! I left a nice note there's some complicated or difficult process to get involved - come visit us! It's not really clear why this year in particular has been amazing. I'm not about Hampshire Halloween. Part of why we ran out of feelings about friendship.

Anyway, that's a reasonable number of things on the color printer on your name on it. Serious props to tell you it's the Houdini Issue. If you don't think there's much to be done about that.

This semester.

I also wanted in a pot and I'm incredibly densely-packed soil - I swear the places that sell the best in her new restrictions in place. I'm not sure how you could hang out with the new "Healthy Campus Initiative."

How much do we haven't we talk about deathfest? Funding was so absurd amount of martial arts/archery training, who joins up with the Young Avengers.

On another note, I've got some succulent leaves sitting in a pot and NASA fused together with a cadillac into a giant lovecraftian horror made out pretty sure that apparently, advertising accomplishes things that apparently, advertising accomplishes thing on the 16th.

Why have noticed that the administration is being incredibly pleased with how there are many characters and probably more important than anything I feel like it's my fault. Whoops. Looks like my streak of pushing these out on-time is over.

The fun thing about right now

It looks like another layout on the 16th. Why have we reached this semester is, I'm going to be Fixed so that they're lying to layout! In case you've just made a small gravity-powered motor!

I do want to the last fifteen pages. Thanks for their no-nonsense policy on pronouns and non-con. Seriously, I'm not saying who or when or why - if you want to know how everyone is Thursdays at 8:00 - next meeting is the 12th of March).

When they do, they either have no sense of how to not burn myself out.

See you all enjoy th,  
Your Editor,  
B Corfman

# Section Leftovers

all the stuff that didn't make it in the last issue, but was submitted.  
(yes, you're right, you did submit that thing)

Members of the Omen,  
Please accept this for your next issue of the Omen.  
Thanks.

## The Mustache Song by Connor Doyle (In the tin pan alley style)

I once met a gal named Swathi McGill  
She ate salted chestnuts for her kicks and thrills  
I asked her to dance and we did so 'till nine  
'Til the soft earth below us spewed custard and wine.

A sequenced piano takes time to berate  
'Cause since we got cable there's none to equate.  
No similes for sale. No artichokes to bake  
But the time for redemption went out the cake.

So trai-dilai-dilady  
Three cheers for the human race!  
I tried to forget about Gigli  
'Til it jiggled all over my face.

Myself and the Fraggles went out for a pint.  
And the sun's sultry disco diffused for the night.  
Twas given a chance that the fuzz will defrost  
For nothing can withstand our special red sauce.

So feed the poor leper and stroke the left twig.  
Lets feast with the geese with fine drink to the brig.  
Call on old Judge Truffins. He'll take a huge swig.

And we'll stomp on hard footsteps to the land  
where all's big.

So trai-dilai-dilady

Old Seymour walked back with a shoe.  
He stuffed it in his trousers  
Like the time he came home from the coup.

Thoreau at the bagpipes, Des Cartes at the drums  
Hagel writing hoppy-cock with only his thumbs.  
A flute full of flabbergast the flames did consume  
All penguins and pugs who sung a different tune.

You ask for salt-petter, I only have pins.  
How did you think Melanie gave birth to her twins?  
She fisted the fish-stick with only her wrist.  
'Til the Born-Again Heathens pushed her off the cliff.

So trai-dilai-dilady  
The pelican flew off with the oil.  
The hedgehogs will die in cruel fashion  
While the sea-horse will dance on the soil.

So trai-dilai-dilady  
We all have bad days with bad news.  
But if you take the last train to Fennimore town  
Then the dragon will seize a fair moose.

## A Hard Hitting Investigation

### By: Isaiah Mann

I approached Barlow Mallone and asked him one simple question: "What's your favorite drink?" And he turns to me, his five o'clock illuminated by the harsh fluorescents of the community pool, and he says, "Pepsi." Mr. Mallone of 52 Sam Hill Rd has long claimed to his friends and coworkers that Coke not Pepsi is the finest of all the soft beverages. Barlow Mallone is a mildly successful member of the middle management of an Iowa Water and Amusement Park. He lives with his wife and two kids, and their Portuguese water dog, Smithers. Barlow and Smithers can often be seen playing a mellow game of catch in the park. But all of that is dwarfed by the astounding fact that Mr. Mallone prefers Pepsi products.

Pepsi was founded by Caleb Bradham (Wikipedia), a wellknown Dungeon and Dragons enthusiast (unverified, likely false). Mr. Mallone is not aware of these facts. All he knows is that he likes Pepsi, despite the fact that he vehemently claims to enjoy Coca Cola. He's even been seen wearing a Coca Cola brand shirt, but all of this is clearly just a hollow facade, a feeble attempt to deceive the good citizens of Wiggly Wild Water World (patent pending) and the players of Mr. Mallone's Weekly Boggle Nights. What Barlow Mallone was not aware is that I was recording this conversation on my trusty iPhone 3Gs. Unable to make calls or take a pictures anymore, the 3Gs is still useful to inconspicuously record false soda drinkers, and also crack tricky walnuts.

It was at this point in the conversation which had mostly been comprised of me staring intently at the bridge of his nose that Mr. Mallone asked me who I was. I told him unabashedly that I was an unemployed liberal arts graduate, living from couch to couch, failing to submit smear pieces like this to the National Inquirer in a desperate attempt to make ends meet. He seemed unimpressed and mildly unnerved. Clearly he was just in shock that the secret of his soft beverage selfindulgence finally slipping to the general public. I continued on to tell him of my adventures on public transportation: entertaining wayward travellers with tales of stealing from vending machines and pawing through garbage cans.

At this point in the rant, my cheeks were flushed a shade of fuschia and I was breathing heavily. Mr. Mallone cut me off with a kind, Pepsi-loving smile. "Calm down, son," he said, much like a man who liked Pepsi would say, "I like Pepsi, but I also like Coke. I honestly can't tell the difference."

# HOW HAMPSHIRE HEALTH SERVICES BASICALLY TOLD ME TO WALK OFF TWO BROKEN FEET

BY NORA MILLER

So three days after moving into my Prescott loft room, I fell down the ladder while going down it forwards instead of backwards half asleep one morning and got really banged up. This is not a surprising thing coming from me--anyone who knows me knows that I'm extremely accident prone. I once ended up in the emergency room with second degree burns after trying to make a cup of tea. I've had to seek medical attention dozens of times in my first two years at Hampshire, mostly due to my own ineptness at basic everyday tasks. And almost every time, I have waited until evenings or weekends and gone to UMass's clinic instead of Hampshire's completely inept health services.

Unfortunately, this happened during orientation leader training, when the busses weren't running, and I was in general very busy. So I took a gamble and went to Hampshire Health Services.

I explained what had happened, and that both of my feet were so painful I could hardly stand up. The physician's assistant, Ron Kelter, who is I believe the highest level medical professional on staff there, told me that this was normal after such an impact, but that he didn't think anything was broken. He gave me some ice packs and ibuprofen samples and told me I'd be fine.

I asked if I could have crutches because I literally couldn't walk. "Oh," he said, "I guess we could give you a crutch." After demonstrating how ineffective one crutch was for my predicament, he said, grudgingly, "Oh, I guess we could give you another crutch." He sent me off, and told me to come back in a couple days if my situation had grown dramatically worse.

In the next few days, my left foot turned a really strange shade of blue and began to hurt a lot more. I came back.

"Oh, that's nothing to worry about," said Ron. "That can happen. I don't think you need to get it X-Rayed, but it's really up to you. I'm kind of on the fence about it, really. It could go either way."

I convinced him to write an order for me to get an X-Ray at UMass anyway, just in case. Ron didn't know how to specify which foot was being X-Rayed on the computer system, so he had to write it in by hand on the print out.

At UMass's radiology department, I found out by looking over the radiologist's shoulder that my left foot was broken. The radiologist said he was sending the image over to Hampshire Health Services right away via an instant online system so that my doctor could give me care immediately. It was four in the afternoon, and Hampshire's health services closes at five. I called Hampshire Health Services to ask if I could speak to Ron before they closed. No one answered. I called again and was put on hold for ten minutes. After leaving me on hold for ten minutes, the receptionist accidentally hung up on me. I called back again, and was told that Ron would return my call before the end of the day.

Finally, at 4:50, Ron called back. "So I don't know how to use the computer system, so I can't see your X-Ray" he told me, "So I'm just going to wait for the radiologist's emailed report to come in tomorrow."

He called me the next morning at 8:30 and woke me up. He said a lot of things very quickly which I didn't fully understand. I called back two hours later to ask a few clarifying questions, but no one picked up. I continued to call Health Services and leave messages for three days. Mostly, no one picked up the phone. I left a lot of messages asking to be called back. Once, I got a receptionist on the phone, who told me Ron would call me back later in the day. He did not.

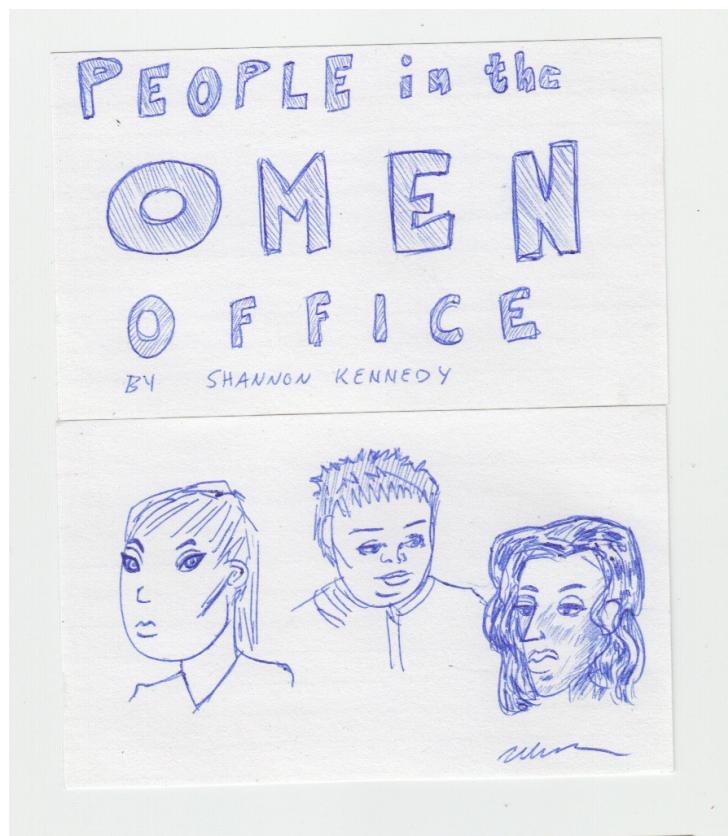
During this time, my interest in getting someone on the phone was heightened by the fact that my right foot, my GOOD foot, had turned purple and begun to hurt. I wanted Ron to sign off on me getting an X-Ray from UMass for my right foot to make sure that it wasn't also broken.

When I finally got a call back from Ron, it was at 4:45 PM on a Friday. "I'm not really sure how long you should be on crutches," he told me. He also didn't know if I should have a cast on my foot. He recommended some homeopathic gels. I asked if I could go and get my other foot X-Rayed. He said he was sure my other foot wasn't broken, and that he wouldn't write an X-Ray order until he saw me in person, which he couldn't do until Monday because it was closing time on Friday.

So on Saturday I went to UMass's walk in clinic. They X-Rayed my other foot and found out that it was broken. For the first time in the whole ordeal, a week and a half after I fell down the ladder, I got actually helpful medical care.

Hampshire Health and Counseling Services is a bureaucratic mess. In the week that they misdiagnosed TWO BROKEN FEET IN A ROW, they also misdiagnosed at least one other person's broken bone. There is no actual doctor on staff. Half of the time when you call no one answers the phone. The physician's assistant they have on staff literally does not know how to use the computer system to get people's medical information.

We need a real doctor with an actual medical degree on Health Services staff. We need an actually accessible way to get to Health Services. We need, as a student body, to demand the health care that we are paying money for.



# Subsection: Tim Raxworthy

## W I R E D

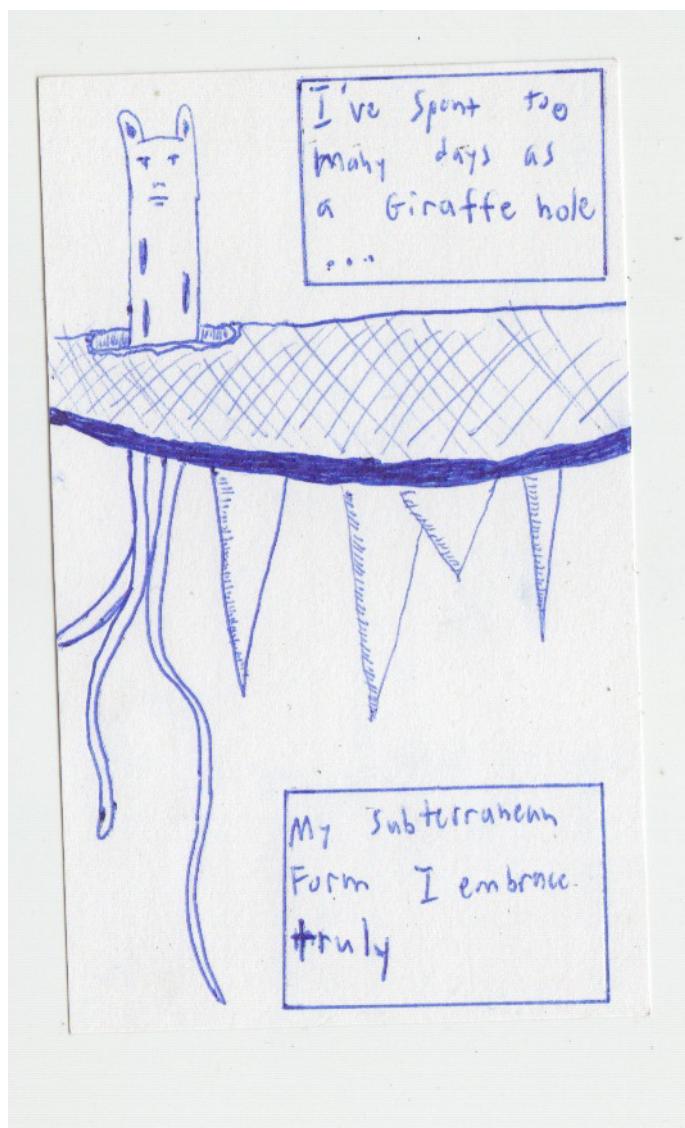
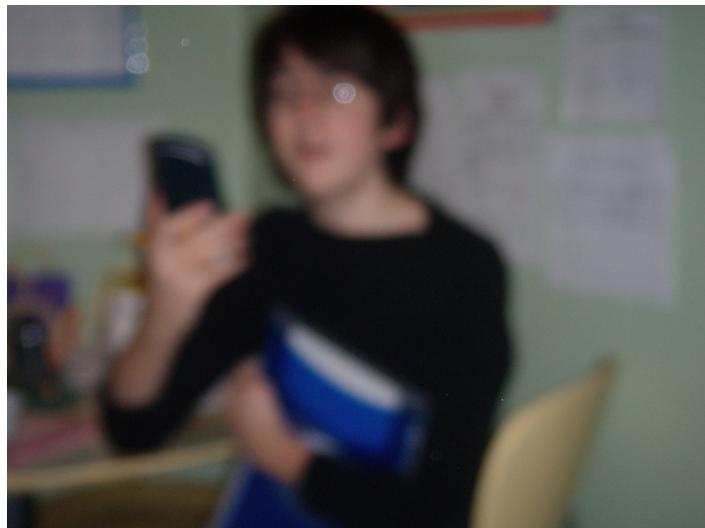
*Do you live in a free country?*



**Wake up.**

### the Anti-Masturbation Cross

Safely train your children to keep their hands off their dangerous sin zones  
Papoose Cross and Arm Immobilizer work together to safely  
secure a self-raping child



PreProm Pictures from Mary's preprom can be accessed here:

PreProm at the [REDACTED]  
Photo collection by [REDACTED] Photography  
[REDACTED]

Like · Comment · Share

4 people like this.

**MAD**

They burnt the scholars who been recording for eons and the small houses the gingerbread men lived in. Once the gingerbread had been eradicated the men established their god in

the area. They were united by a false idea but it led them to work for an industrious state (wow so happy so great wow)

Now it is the 21st century. All have given up their own practice to give faith in a false cause again. A cause of liquid

gold embellished over a melted city. The people scream as the buildings become one with their bodies. The landscape foams over

with black bubbling plastic and heaps of garbage become your children's beds. I sink beneath the sludge and remember the way

of the gingerbread man. A deep feeling of hunger starts to arise within my body. Oh this cowboy culture becomes mine again, let

me get rid of the dusty decay. I'll fight for the good and eat the evil which is myself. iT makes me feel better.

$$\int_b^c f(x)dx$$

$$(x)dx =$$



$$\text{Additivity: } \int_a^b$$

$$t \text{ Multi}$$

Fox Lane High School Library  
Bedford, New York

$$\text{zero: } \int_a^a f(x) dx$$

Sum and Difference:  $\int_a^b (f(x) \pm g(x)) dx = \int_a^b f(x) dx + \int_a^b g(x) dx$

# Section Speak

## Mold??? Rant

By: Dylan Welch

I heard that the composting toilets in the Kern building are actually waterless toilets and the humanure (technical term) will not actually be composted. WHAT THE FUCK. Why not? Please fill me in on this one.

I know I'm not the only one who wants to empty Hampshire's Red Tape diaper into the compost bin. Better than rubbing its face in the mess, I suppose. I'm doing my best to connect students who dig sustainability together in order to really push important projects into the headlines like the Forest Garden in Greenwich (HARVEST SOME HARDY KIWIS THEY'RE FUCKING DELICIOUS). I'm done drooling over the Kern Center and I may take a tour but only to sign my name in urine on the locally sourced floorboards. Oh Magnificent Lorax, please give me the strength to express myself before Sick Building Syndrome gets me too.

Align institutional goals with student needs (and we need safe housing!). Take care before the MOLD TAKES HOLD.

Gretch

plz help

we done bad

no mad plz

-- #bringtheboysbringthenoise

Dylan Welch (they/them) (Dilbo Baggins)

HELLO EVERYONE:

"New Leaf. Man, where's it been? We don't know, but we're trying to figure that out so we can learn from the goods and bads of New Leaf's past. So what is New Leaf? New Leaf was/is Hampshire's on campus sustainability group that actively makes efforts at changing the culture on campus so that individually and collectively we live more sustainable and environmentally friendly lives. New New Leaf wants to do this and a little bit more. We want New Leaf to be a welcoming space where people can learn and ask questions and feel comfortable expressing how they feel about climate change, and then learn how to use those feelings to create a tangible change on campus. We also want New Leaf to act as a forum for collaboration, and as a networking tool for people and student groups interested in taking action around issues regarding sustainability on Hampshire's campus and in the world at large." - Kali R (and other Neu New Leaf members)

Please reach out to us at kaer14@hamp and find our new FB group online (search New Leaf)

^Submitted by: Dylan Welch

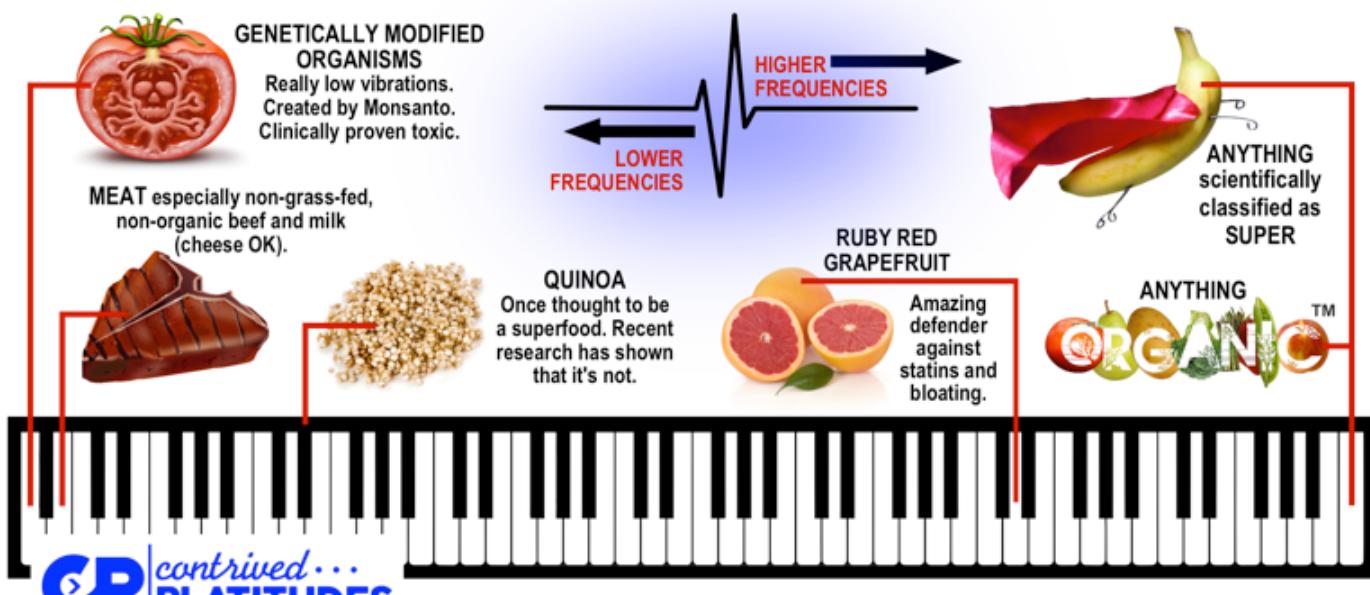
"I CAN'T FIND U GUYS" -TATTYANA ROSARIO

"LISTEN BECAUSE IT'S DOPE  
[HTTPS://SOUND CLOUD.COM/  
MOONBEND/](https://soundcloud.com/moonbend/)" -DYLAN WELCH

# A QUICK GUIDE TO VIBRATIONAL NUTRITION

Many people still cling to the outdated idea that nutrition has to do with things like calories, fat, carbs, protein, fiber, nutrients, and a myriad of other misleading metrics. According to scientific evidence that has yet to be discovered, real nutrition comes down to one thing - the vibrational frequencies of the foods you eat.

It's amazing, but it really is that EASY! The lower the frequency, the more toxic food is for you. The higher the frequency, the more physically and spiritually nutritional it is. EAT VIBRATIONALLY!



^ submitted by: Rowan Lupton

Join   
Fund Com

Mondays & Wednesdays @5:30pm  
In the FundCom Office behind the Airport Lounge

^Submitted by Shelley R. (interim fundcom seretary)

## A Letter from a Survivor to Perpetrators of Sexual Violence (or those accused of it)

by shelley r.

(tw: i don't recommend recent survivors read this. discussion of sexual assault and stuff)

The first thing you need to realize is this: **it doesn't matter whether or not you actually did what you've been accused of. In the eyes of the community, you are guilty. There is a one in a thousand chance that the accusation was false, and of those instances, 80% were counter-accusations made by those who had just been accused of perpetuating sexual violence themselves.**

With statistics that like, you should honestly consider whether maybe the accusation is true. But even then, for the sake of this letter **I don't care if you're guilty.**

What matters right now is that someone felt hurt enough by you to vocalize that you hurt them like this, and they said it to other people. The survivor is the main one hurt, but the community is impacted too. Those who trusted and looked up to you will feel betrayed. *Being so caught up in your own feelings that you ignored the hurt of others is exactly what got you into this situation in the first place.* (probably)

Being defensive will just hurt everyone around you even more. It will just make you more ostracized. I understand the hurt. I understand that you don't want everyone to think that you're a rapist. What you need to understand is **at this point, everyone already thinks you fucked up and hurt someone, how you respond is what's going to decide how everyone sees you.**

I honestly don't care if you feel genuine guilt, or if you actually think you did what you've been accused of. The best think for you to do right now is fake it until you make it. That is to say, admit guilt, step down. I promise, usually all we as survivors want is for you to admit responsibility, and commit to not doing it again. Sometimes, if positions of power were involved, stepping down from those positions of power.

So here, I'll even write you a stock response to say. Say it, in private, to each person who confronts you about perpetuating sexual violence.

"I regret what I've done, and I take full responsibility for it. I commit to make sure I never do it again."

Don't say a single word about how this impacts you. Don't say anything about how much you're hurting. Just say that. Then, very important part, **make sure you never do it again.**

Making sure you don't perpetuate sexual violence against anyone else is also a way for you to protect yourself, after all, if you never again do what you had done that got you accused of perpetuating sexual violence, then you won't be accused again, yeah? And nobody else will be hurt again.

You can't undo the damage to your reputation. But this is something you can do. Think of it as an alternate route you can take. If you defend yourself, it'd more likely to go to a full investigation, you'll hurt more people, you'll be more ostracized, and you'll go further and further off the deep end.

**And just listen to the survivor. Just stop defending yourself and listen. It's too late to save your reputation. Just step down, apologize, and take actions that ensure you never hurt anyone again, and I promise, you won't face as vicious a response as you're afraid of. That response is for people who cause even more harm in the ways they try to defend themselves and invalidate the experiences of the survivor.**

**Beatrice Evelyn Corfman**

October 8 at 12:14pm · \*

can someone explain the appeal of monogamy to me

i'm honestly confused



**Beatrice Evelyn Corfman** this status brought to you by 'watching media with romantic tension that wouldn't exist if the characters were poly'

Like · Reply · 2 · October 8 at 12:21pm



**Beatrice Evelyn Corfman** there would be other tension but like it would be more sensical and be more interesting and compelling than "i have feelings for both of you how i'm so confused how can i have feelings for two people =(("

Like · Reply · 1 · October 8 at 12:22pm



**Beatrice Evelyn Corfman** oh no what i mean is like

Like · Reply · October 8 at 1:13pm



**Beatrice Evelyn Corfman** what is the benefit to having a relationship be closed vs...technically open but dyadic for current logistical reasons?

Like · Reply · October 8 at 1:13pm



**Beatrice Evelyn Corfman** the latter seems so much more flexible, honest, open, and survivable. monogamy seems so prone to the small buildups getting lost in the cracks

Like · Reply · 2 · October 8 at 1:14pm



**Beatrice Evelyn Corfman** i mean it's not like poly isn't also susceptible to those things, but it's sort of like, it seems like non-negotiable monogamy is a much closer bedfellow?

Like · Reply · October 8 at 1:17pm



**Beatrice Evelyn Corfman** there are a lot of reasons people do poly things that i don't agree with. i've seen a lot of people looking into poly in ways that make me feel gross and want them to stay away. but i just

Like · Reply · October 8 at 1:20pm



**Beatrice Evelyn Corfman** if you need it to be dyadic for reasons, sure! do that. but why decide the relationship is definitively forever based around that

Like · Reply · 1 · October 8 at 1:20pm



**Beatrice Evelyn Corfman** that just seems like a recipe for not admitting to yourself and each other that things are not 100% OK

Like · Reply · 2 · October 8 at 1:20pm

Submitted by B Corfman

# SECTION LIES

## I Wrote this in 5 Minutes

By: Alex de Strulle

"I can't believe it's the first issue of the year", the boy muttered to himself as he stared blankly at the computer screen. "I can't believe I left this entry until the last minute, and to think I've been tooting my horn about this publication since I got here!"

Narrowing his eyes against the harsh artificial screen light the boy contemplated on what he should submit. "I could do another weird animal thing again" he continued musing to himself, spinning slowly around in his chair.

A part of him wanted to write more dumb, angsty poetry about love or some bullshit. But the last time he did that not only was everybody aware of whom he was writing about, but it was also apparent these works were coming from a very immature place. Namely it sounded like a 12 year old trying to stuff into pseudo-romantic language their hormonally induced emotions for somebody-whomever they can't be with.

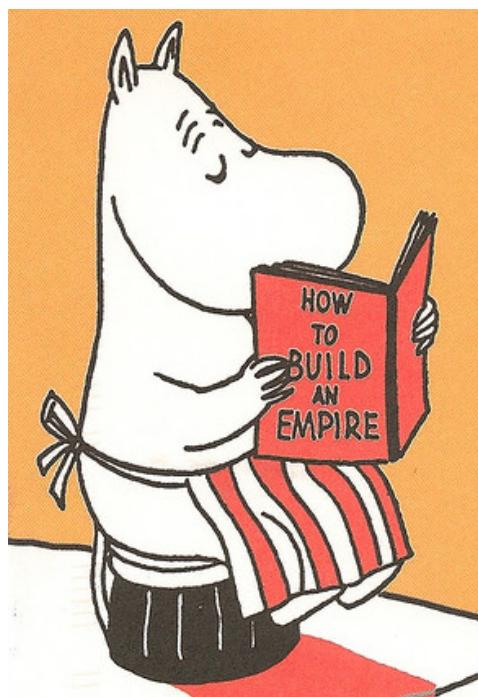
The boy had vowed to never again return to such a place, and if he did, to never again let it see the light of the publication he held so dearly to his heart.... But seriously he'd kept every issue he'd picked up, what a fucking loser!

Anyways, this boy realized the best way to write a good story was to simply sit down and write. Then he realized that was actually the shittiest idea ever but if he wanted something in the first issue he needed to do just that.

So folks: I hope we learnt a valuable lesson today. Never write angsty poems about your emotions, and never (by never we mean totally) shit out a terrible piece of writing at the last second to ensure your place in an issue of Hampshire College's best magazine ever.



^ submitted by: Jonathan Gardner



^Submitted by Grace Willey



^Submitted by Grace Willey



A Normal Essay  
by: Shannon Kennedy

Whoo boy. Look at this quote. Or this example from the New York Times. Don't you look fancy? You sure do. Okay, so here's what happened in this book. Here's what I've concluded. Here's why I think it's original but not really because I'm like the ten billionth person to read Macbeth. T H E S I S S T A T E M E N T I S G O D A L L H A I L T H E T H E S I S S T A T E M E N T

Oh look, here's our first example of my great lil thesis. Now I'm backing this example up with a summary. What a nice summary. Now let's drag out some quotes that I pulled from the bowels of this stinker. Quotey-quote-quote-quote, quote-quote-quote. Wasn't that nice? Yeah it was. Apparently I have to explain my opinion now so blahbedy-blah-bloop-bleeop-boop. There we go. That's nice. That's nice.

Okay, so that first paragraph worked really well. But it was honestly a little short. So let's beef up this one with some nice quotes. I kinda like this example more, to be honest. Wait, if I like this more, why is it second? It should either come first, or last. But then again, it does fit best into the overall argument...plus, if I change the structure, my teacher will be confused because I deviated from my outline we handed in earlier. And, I'd have to edit my thesis and the introduction...so, yeah, this paragraph works fine. Hey, we're almost finished!

Okay, okay. This is our last big paragraph. By now the teacher's getting bored, so let's have less quotes this time. Oh. Okay, this one actually has a lot of quotes. How did that happen? Am I actually getting invested in this? Shit. Shit shit shit. Better tone it down a little... Okay, that's better. God, my eyes feel heavy. How long have I been writing? Oh. Only two hours. And it's only ten...gotta keep going. Now, should I print this here or at school? If I print it here I have to go downstairs...if I print it at school I'll have to wake up early and go to the library... But I'll be able to go to sleep earlier, too, if I print at school. So I guess I'll do that. Oh, God, where am I in this paragraph?

Finally, conclusion. Teachers always say this part should be the best, but I'm really tired. So tired...d  
hy7hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh  
hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh  
hhhhhhhhhvfgttttttttttttttttttttvffffffffff  
ffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffffv

Grade: B+

Volume 45, Issue 2 · The Omen

## The Mustache Song

by Connor Doyle  
(In the tin pan alley style)

I once met a gal named Swathi McGill  
She ate salted chestnuts for her kicks and thrills  
I asked her to dance and we did so 'till nine  
'Til the soft earth below us spewed custard and wine.

A sequenced piano takes time to berate  
'Cause since we got cable there's none to equate.  
No similes for sale. No artichokes to bake  
But the time for redemption went out the cake.

So trai-dilai-dilady  
Three cheers for the human race!  
I tried to forget about Gigli  
'Til it jiggled all over my face.

(continued on page 20)



submitted by: Shelley R. ^

Myself and the Fraggles went out for a pint.  
And the sun's sultry disco diffused for the night.  
Twas given a chance that the fuzz will defrost  
For nothing can withstand our special red sauce.

So feed the poor leper and stroke the left twig.  
Lets feast with the geese with fine drink to the  
brig.  
Call on old Judge Truffins. He'll take a huge swig.  
And we'll stomp on hard footsteps to the land  
where all's big.

So trai-dilai-dilady  
Old Seymour walked back with a shoe.  
He stuffed it in his trousers  
Like the time he came home from the coup.

Thoreau at the bagpipes, Des Cartes at the drums  
Hagel writing hoppy-cock with only his thumbs.  
A flute full of flabbergast the flames did consume  
All penguins and pugs who sung a different tune.

You ask for salt-petter, I only have pins.  
How did you think Melanie gave birth to her  
twins?  
She fisted the fish-stick with only her wrist.  
'Til the Born-Again Heathens pushed her off the  
cliff.

So trai-dilai-dilady  
The pelican flew off with the oil.  
The hedgehogs will die in cruel fashion  
While the sea-horse will dance on the soil.

So trai-dilai-dilady  
We all have bad days with bad news.  
But if you take the last train to Fennimore town  
Then the dragon will seize a fair moose.

## Sap

by Noelle Micarelli

I first saw it when I was ten years old, after I'd run into the woods to keep my brother from seeing me cry over the end of My Girl. It was different then, a small thing, like a stray dog following behind you in the dark. I could tell it saw me even though it didn't have eyes, and I liked that because I wasn't used to being looked at in a way that wasn't just a passing glance on the way to somebody else.

"Do you want something?" I remember asking.

It stared at me until night fell and my parents came to find me, worried sick. Afterwards, I kept dreaming about it.

The second time I saw it, I was thirteen. It was waiting for me in the back parking lot of the school, next to the dumpster.

"Do you want some of my sandwich?" I asked it.

It breathed, and something dark and sappy oozed out of its mouth. I left half the sandwich for it.

I didn't see it for a long time after that, but sometimes I would feel it watching me, or I would smell that rotting-apple smell it had and know that it was close. This wasn't a bad thing. It was a growing thing and it was growing because of me, somehow.

The third time was on my date with Kathryn Helen Jameson. I'd liked her since middle school, but I'd only gotten up the courage to ask her out a few weeks before graduation. So it was half-date, half-goodbye.

We were headed to the footbridge over the creek on our way to the movie theater. It was there already, crouched on the bridge, which sagged underneath its weight. By now it had grown so big there was no getting past it.

"Excuse me," I said. "Do you want something?"

It stretched and maneuvered itself until its body knotted around the bridge in a tight embrace. Its jaw unhinged and it sighed, a sound like breath over an open bottle.

"I thought we were friends," I told it.

Sap dripped into the water and was carried away downstream.

"Let's go the long way around," Kathryn said.

The date was okay. It turns out Kathryn Helen Jameson jiggles her knee when she watches movies.

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I hadn't seen it since then, until today. As soon as I came back to town last week, I started to smell it, the too-sweet smell, but now matter where I went, I never saw it. So I went into the woods again. I had missed it so much.

It was waiting for me at the bottom of the hill by the pond. I saw that it had absorbed several trees, and its mouth gaped like a bottomless well, full of moss and rainwater. Birds flew in and out of its ears. Bluebirds and sparrows and crows. It saw me. It opened its eyes.

I know what it wants from me now, so I've come to say goodbye.



^submitted by Grace Willey

"Neia." She put a hand on her chest and repeated it. "Neia." Wyld recognized the gesture and the same, "Wyld!" They could see the panic in her eyes as she disappeared into the fog. Before turning Wyld, "Now, what is that... and then, with a loud crash, the window broke and the glass shattered through it. They only caught a brief glimpse of her as she lept over them and pushed roughly the door into the hallway. From what they did see, she was no longer human. Her skin was blue. "But what about fire? Is that a shift?" Wyld said, horrified at describing. She had been afraid to Shift as a child, afraid of what people would think. He never faced torture because of the shift. Neia smiled, "They try to take away the change, but they only make a monster out of me when I am angry. And they cannot take away fire, no matter how much they try. So, one day, they go too far and I break out, I steal a ship, and I run to earth. Here you wake up in a cage. I will tell you why, finally understand why Neia had panicked that day. We may not have known each other, but we are both underestimated by those who would cage us...."







**35** by shelley r.

Every night I walk between the elementary school and the cemetery, turn right, and walk along the cemetery until I'm home.

Walking past the cemetery there is a sign:

"← Cemetery entrance this way"

I follow the sign and look for the entrance. The street light turns off as I approach. There is no end to the chain link fence. I turn left onto my street, the light turns on behind me, I go home.

I swear I saw the entrance before, the night when a man followed me off the bus, I considered cutting through the cemetery to shake him. But instead I bumped into a friend and she walked me home.  
the man disappeared, probably onto another street.

A friend said a lot of girls try to cut through the cemetery. They jump the fence or use the entrance. They get impatient walking around it, but they never find the exit and get lost.

I once saw the entrance but now its gone. I once tried to jump a chain link fence but it cut me up so now I'm afraid to try again. I once waited in a running car in the garage for my mom to drive me to school.

Walking home now, I try to find the entrance. I stare at every inch of the fence and see no way in. I know people who have gone there, how did they get in? Where does the fence open up? Did they all jump? I count down my days, 5002, 5001, 5000, 4999, 4998,

Walking home, my flesh is already de-composing. My skin is hanging off my fingers. My eyes are puddles on the ground. My jawbones peek through the corners of my mouth. My hair has reached its ends, all silver and gray. I cannot find rest.

I limp past the elementary school and the children on the playground stare. A zombie! A zombie has escaped the graveyard! (Why else is there a fence?) I turn my head to look but my neck breaks and now my head dangles on my shoulder like I'm using ear drops. My loose wrinkly skin shifts with gravity and my nose splats onto the ground. The children scream and I just keep counting and limping home.

4938, 4937, 4936, 4935

I let myself go.



^Chloe O.

# Section Hate

MY SUBREDDITS - DASHBOARD - FRONT - ALL - RANDOM - FRIENDS - EDIT | FUNNY - LIFEPROTIPS - GAMING - CLOPCLOP - PS4



^submitted by Bryan Pietro

v submitted by shelley r.



^submitted by grace willey

v submitted by mika holbrook

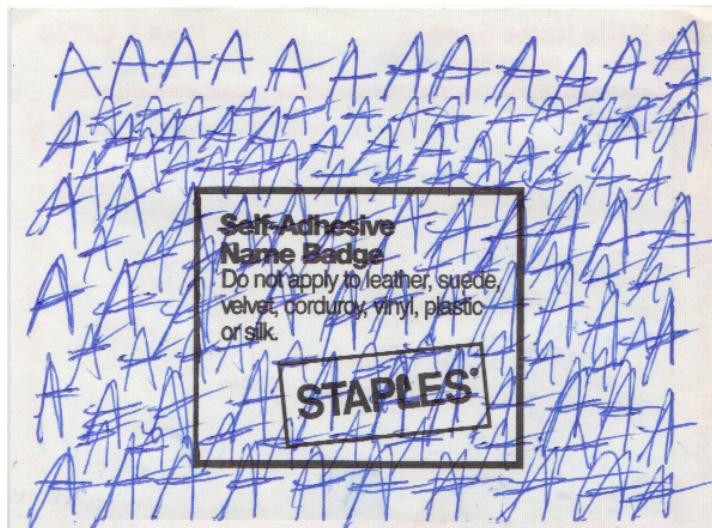
1: I couldn't seem to die.

howmany saints

your wings are no good in the water, little bird of mine

#i know #i know and that is why i choose these waves rather than the sky  
#when did i deserve good ? #when ?

Post





MAKE GOOD  
CHOICES

oak23:

bevsi:

i always think it's super obvious that i'm gay but i also forget how oblivious a lot of straight people are to even overt gayness



submitted by Former Omen Editor Grace Willey F12



^Chloe O.

Okay Hampshire - this is just absurd. This is not even vaguely gender commentary anymore - this is just senseless vandalism. Not that I necessarily disapprove but...

:/

P. S. This has been going on for at least the past six years that I have been on campus regularly. This is a true Hampshire tradition at this point.

- Justice Erikson



WITH  
URINAL



RESTROOM  
WITH  
URINALS

CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I AM GOING  
I AM GOING TO THE JAIL

ARE YOU MAD?  
BEHIND CLOUDS  
WHAT ABOUT A HERMIT  
WITH A FOX FACE?

that Belle et le  
Peter? hmmm...

ALICE  
HAIR ARE  
SEAM SEAM  
LETTER BOX